

richie in the bathroom at a party

intertwiningwords

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Summary:

mike invites the losers to a homecoming party, but richie is the only one who can go. it leads to some interesting things.

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Author's Note:

shoutout to @wyattghouleff on tumblr for giving me this idea!! love ya syd

warnings for mentions of underage drinking, smoking, and emetophobia !

Junior year was busy.

Or at least, that's what Richie had been told, but he hadn't really listened. And now he was up to his ass in work, and so were all his friends. Never ending assignments piled up, and it didn't help that he was taking AP classes either.

Part of him liked being busy. It gave his mind less room to wander, and an excuse to keep him out of the house and away from his parents. But focusing had never been his strong suit, which made all that work even harder to get through.

Being president of the gay-straight alliance wasn't much work, as they about one bake sale a year, and, if they were lucky, a field trip, but otherwise, there wasn't much to organize, which he was grateful for, but it was still just one more responsibility on top of school and his shitty job at a music store in the mall.

The other losers were all busy too. Eddie, paranoid as ever, was already looking into colleges and trying to plan his entire future despite having more than enough time. Beverly had a job at a thrift shop in town, and worked more hours than it was probably legal for a sixteen-going-on-seventeen year old to work. She loved it though, and always wound up spending half her paycheck on the clothes she was supposed to be selling. When she wasn't at work, she liked to spend alone time with Ben, who was preoccupied too with piles of homework. Stan was like Eddie, terrified of the future, and trying to keep all his grades as high as humanly possible, juggling clubs to put on his college resume, and hours and hours worth of studying. Bill had a job and driving lessons and an AP English course that

demanded he read entire books in a week, so even if Richie did see him, it through the drive-thru window of Wendy's or with his nose in a battered school copy of Frankenstein. And Mike was on the football team, which meant, he was actually kind of popular now.

They liked to tease him about it, say that he was too cool to be a loser anymore, and that he had abandoned them, to which he would always smile and say, "I could never abandon you guys. You're like my family," and make them all emotional.

And Richie was still just Richie. Sure, he distracted himself with algebraic equations and occasionally video games, but he missed his friends regardless. They always tried to arrange something, a Saturday night sleepover, but at least one of them was always too busy to come. And Richie understood; they were growing up, they couldn't waste away days playing pretend down at the Quarry anymore. But that didn't mean he wasn't upset by it.

Mike sent a text in the groupchat one night when Richie was immersed in a round of Crash Bandicoot he'd probably completed a million times before.

mikey boi: hey guys - i'm having a party for homecoming @ my house on saturday night and y'all are invited if you wanna come!

Richie smiled at his phone, but it quickly faltered as more messages flooded it.

eddie spaghetti: srry i cant come. college meeting. have fun though!

molly ringwald: im working that night but maybe i can come after my shift ?? sorry xxx

big bill: I have play rehearsal til 7 and then i promised id babysit georgie

staniel: Sorry, I'm busy too. Good luck at the game and have fun!

haystack: i have a huge essay due monday and i haven't even started it yet so idk ... sorry man x

Richie sighed. Of course. He texted back: "u guys are lame!! dw mike i can probably come"

He was met with a few messages of 'beep beep richie' and one of Mike telling him to be there by eight o'clock, accompanied with a smiley face.

Although wasn't all of them together, Richie probably saw the least of nowadays. But then, he was nervous. He was going to be surrounded by football players and cheerleaders and every social group that occupied the top of the food chain, and he was at the very bottom.

And what if Mike forgot about him? What if he was so wrapped up in his football friends and the drunk cheerleaders that would surely be throwing themselves all over him (Mike had become quite the heartthrob), and Richie would be left in the corner with a beer and his cellphone, desperate for an excuse to leave, though nobody would likely notice if he did.

He got the text Wednesday, and Thursday came and went, the Friday did too, complete with the obnoxiously loud and sadly mandatory pep rally. The losers, minus Mike of course, managed to find each other and congregate in the top corner of the bleachers. None of them had bothered to wear any school spirited clothing or colors, but they cheered for Mike nevertheless.

"Hey Bev, do you know if you'll be able to go on Saturday?" Richie asked casually. He desperately wanted at least one of them there, in case his fears came true.

"I don't think so. I'm supposed to work four to eleven, and I'll probably be too exhausted to come after that. Why?" she replied, not looking at him as she talked. She was watching the cheerleaders with

slightly flushed cheeks, and Richie had to laugh at that.

“No reason.”

After what felt like five hours stuck in that loud gymnasium, they were free. They took a few minutes to chat and catch up, but they eventually parted ways, Richie insisting on hugging them each with dramatic cries that they would all never see each other again. They all rolled their eyes at him, but hugged him tightly anyway.

When Richie got home, he threw his backpack on his desk chair and flopped back on his bed. He pulled his phone out of pocket and texted Mike: “whos gonna be there?? what should i wear??? do u need me to bring beer or smth????”

He didn’t know why he was so nervous.

mikey boi: lots of ppl. clothes, preferably. i got it covered but feel free.

How unhelpful. He groaned, throwing his phone down and standing up. He went over to his dresser and dug through, desperately looking for something party appropriate. Ripped black skinny jeans, a Guns & Roses t-shirt, and a flannel shirt, with his doc martens? A little punk, but it would do. He could bring the bit of weed he had hidden in a sock, but wanted to save that for himself.

He laid the clothes out on his chair and finished up some math homework, breezing through it quickly before deciding to go to bed at a reasonable time that night.

For some reason, he couldn’t get Mike out of his mind as he tossed and turned, before eventually drifting off.

The next morning (well, more like afternoon), Richie woke up to a text from Mike.

mikey boi: see ya later, trashmouth

And it was followed by a series of heart emojis. Richie smiled to himself. Mike was such a sweetheart, and although he was the last of the losers to join their little group, Richie felt unexplainably close to him. He gave great advice, had a lovely smile, and was really fucking attractive.

Not that Richie liked him like that.

Obviously.

He wasn't trying to impress Mike. When he changed his outfit three times before ultimately returning to the first option, it wasn't to impress Mike. He didn't use the eyeliner and mascara Bev gave him to impress Mike. And he certainly didn't decide to waste his weed for this party on Mike.

He showed up at exactly at 8.

"Richie!" Mike called, pulling him into a one-armed hug. There were already quite a few people there.

Richie grinned despite himself, returning the hug. "Did you guys win?"

"Yup! 30-19!"

"Congrats, man."

And then more people showed up, and Mike got distracted with

football buddies and drunk cheerleaders, and Richie was pushed into the corner with his beer and his phone.

And one beer became two and then three and the five. He was anxious about the crowd and the people in the crowd and the fact that in his drunken state he realized maybe he had been trying to impress Mike, and puking on his carpet was probably the worst way to do that.

He stumbled towards the bathroom, feeling sick from drinking on a nearly empty stomach (saltines were not a very nutritious nor filling dinner).

He didn't notice Mike watching him as he pushed his way through a few people, not daring to open his mouth.

He got to the door, and thankfully the bathroom was vacant, and he slammed the door shut and fell to his knees immediately, vomiting into the toilet and clutching the sides of the seat.

He would laugh if he could at the mental image of Eddie losing his mind; 'Do you know how many germs are on a toilet seat, Richie? And you know how bad alcohol is for you! And vomiting on a regular basis can lead to problems with your teeth and your esophagus and-'

Hypothetical Eddie's rant was cut short in Richie's head as the door opened. He looked up, wiping his mouth, and saw Mike standing there, concern evident on his face.

"Jesus Rich, how much did you drink?" he asked, getting down on his knees beside him.

Richie could feel heat rising in his cheeks. "I lost count around six."

Mike shook his head. He had that stupid, perfect little smile on his face. "Damn, Tozier. You aren't even celebrating anything!"

"I'm a nervous drinker!" Richie defended.

"Why're you so nervous?"

"Cause I don't know anyone here and I feel like they're all judging

me and wondering why I'm here and I don't even know why I'm here-"

"Richie!" Mike cut him off, hand reaching out to rest on his knee. "Everyone here is too smashed or busy with their tongue down someone's throat to care. You're here because I wanted you here! I'm sorry I haven't talked to you much. I was looking for you but you were hiding away in the corner and whenever I tried to make my way over to you, someone else would start talking to me!"

His heart felt lighter, and he felt a little dizzy, though that was probably from the alcohol and not Mike's words. He nodded, for once at a loss for words. He didn't trust himself to speak. They were on their knees on the hard tile floor of the bathroom, Richie had just puked his guts out, but the moment was still perfect.

Mike broke the silence. "Honestly, I want nothing more than to kiss you right now...but I think you should like, wash your mouth out first," he said with a chuckle.

Richie's face was red, his eyes wide with shock, but he was laughing too. "Good idea. But then I can get that kiss?"

"Absolutely."

A lot of mouthwash later, Mike had him pinned against the bathroom door, kissing him hard as they ignored the knocking on the door. Their annoyed shouts through the door that other people needed to piss too made the situation significantly less romantic, but Richie wouldn't change it for the world.

Author's Note:

hope you enjoyed!! feedback is always appreciated!!

tumblr: intertwinningwords.tumblr.com

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